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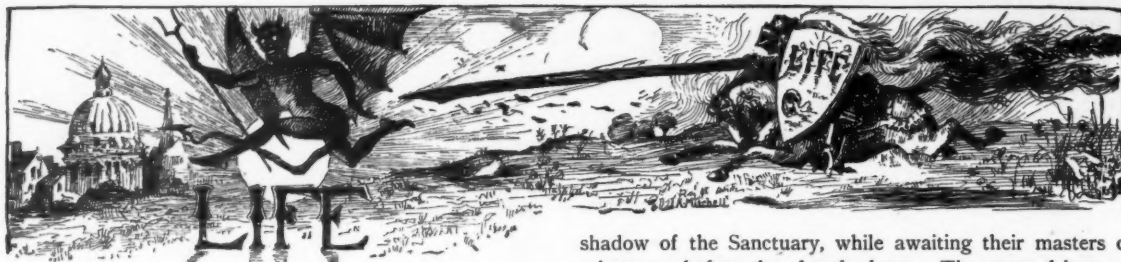


FOR A GAME DINNER.

Young Housekeeper: HAVE YOU CANVAS-BACK DUCKS?

Butcher: NO, BUT I HAVE SOME NICE GEESE.

Young Housekeeper: VERY WELL, YOU MAY SEND A NICE CANVAS-BACK GOOSE.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI.

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MR. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY wrote of the Puritans of 200 years and more ago that they abolished the sport of bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. We hope, however, to be able to convince those uncharitable persons who harshly construe the conduct of Mr. Elliott F. Shepard in attempting to prevent the running of the Fifth Avenue stages on Sunday, that the Puritans of to-day are actuated by holier impulses. The argument the anti-Puritans advance, that the Fifth Avenue Puritans themselves fracture the Sabbath by driving to worship in their carriages to the same extent that their humbler brethren do in proceeding thence per public stage, is scarcely worthy of serious consideration; but we may as well demolish it. The church-goer who rides in a stage pays five cents for the privilege, thus negotiating a contract upon the Holy Sabbath, and violating the Laws of God in a degree not possible to those who drive in their carriages, and compensate their menials upon a week day.

THE contention of the advocates of the Sunday stages, in reply to Mr. Shepard's pious objection that for every stage that courses the avenue a driver is kept away from the House of God, is that twenty or thirty persons attend church in one stage, employing one driver, while the carriages of the Fifth Avenue Puritans require a coachman and a footman to each equipage, which carries at the most but four persons; so that, if all the church-goers who now go by stage, were to drive in carriages after the manner of Mr. Shepard and his disciples, at least ten menials would be deprived of the pleasures of religious exhortation where one is now. This contention is little less than ridiculous, however, since the deprivation is more than overcome by the advantages enjoyed by the coachmen and footmen, who are enabled to discuss religious matters among themselves in the actual

shadow of the Sanctuary, while awaiting their masters or mistresses before the church doors. The stage-driver, on the other hand, even if he were inclined to pious thoughts, is liable to the intrusion upon his meditations of passengers—whose depravity is sufficiently obvious from the circumstance that they ride upon the stage on Sunday—who may force worldly topics upon his consideration as they puff the cigar of the ungodly in his face. All in all, the claims of Mr. Shepard and the other good people who desire to keep the thoroughfare of the aristocrats free from the profanation of the vulgar are worthy of attention. The stage must go, and it will—right up Fifth Avenue, every Sunday.

* * *

MR. BENNETT'S newspaper has been saying very unpleasant things about Mr. Gould; but that Mr. Gould should mind a little thing like that is a very odd circumstance indeed. Very interesting it is if, after accumulating a fine property and achieving a notable standing as a capitalist, Jay Gould has suddenly become sensitive about his personal reputation. Very queer it is if he really objects to being called a pirate or being indicted by the grand jury.

In two ways, both characteristic, Mr. Gould shows this new appreciation of a good name: he desires it for himself, and he wants to get Mr. Bennett's away from him. It will be very surprising if he does either. There are a good many reasons why he cannot seriously damage Mr. Bennett's reputation, the chief of which is that Mr. Bennett is a very thorough workman himself. As for his own name, that wonderful deodorizer, earth, may sweeten it in a generation or two, or fire may purify it; but either process would unfit its present chief proprietor from enjoying it in flesh and blood.

* * *

POOR old Jake Sharp! We fear that his health will never quite enable him to get back to the street railroad business until he is acquitted of the charge of bribing the wicked Aldermen of '84. There is a medical precedent for the acquittal of Sharp in the case of Mr. Thomas Gould, who long conducted a branch of the Occasional Abstinence Society, without a license, in this city. Being sentenced to imprisonment, Mr. Gould acquired quick consumption; and, according to the physicians—one of whom, by the way, is now attending upon Sharp—only release from confinement could save his valuable life. Gould was released, and under the solitary influences of tobacco-smoke and bad air in his dive in Thirty-first Street, his lungs rapidly recovered their pristine vigor; and he can now call the judge who released him a blooming idiot, in tones that can be heard across the room.



ALAS, YES!

Jack Frost: YOU MAY DRIVE ME AWAY, "GENTLE SPRING," BUT WAIT TILL THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST, AND THEY'LL BE WANTING ME BACK AGAIN.

VERY NATURAL.

IF Bacon Shakespeare wrote,
It is no wondrous note—
If I be not mistaken—
These Shylocks should hate bacon.
Lee Fairchild.

FORCE OF HABIT.

OLD LADY (*to railroad brakeman*): How soon does this train start fer Shack-nack?

BRAKEMAN: Not for two hours yet, madam. Step lively, please.

A CHANGE IN AFFAIRS.

LECTURER ON POLITICAL ECONOMY: In France, gentlemen, the government practically owns the railroads—

STUDENT (*abruptly*): Guess you're mistaken about that, Professor.

"Why, it's an established fact."

"But Jay Gould's just been over there."



A BOLD STEP.

Mr. Michael Van Flanigan, formerly of Chicago, having purchased a villa at Newport has just had it furnished regardless of cost.—SOCIETY NOTES.

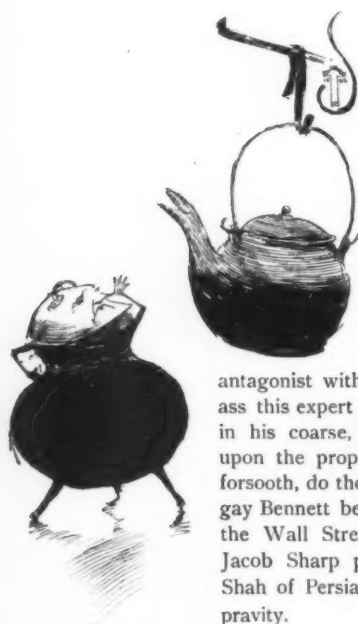
Mr. R. (Furnisher and Decorator): NOW, SIR, YOUR HOUSE HAS THE MAGNIFICENCE OF AN ORIENTAL POTENTATE, EXCEPT, OF COURSE, THE—ER—SERAGLIO.

Mrs. Michael Van Flanigan (proudly to her husband): MIKE, DEAR, SPARE NO EXPENSE, LET US HAVE ONE.



RELIABLE INFORMATION.

IT is interesting to learn from the daily newspapers that District Attorney Fellows is determined to secure the conviction of Jake Sharp; that District Attorney Fellows will enable the defense to secure a jury that will find Sharp innocent; that Keenan and Moloney are coming from Montreal to testify in behalf of the people in the Sharp trial; that Moloney and Keenan will remain true to their friends and scorn the thought of turning informers; that Katie Metz has weakened and is going to confess at the Sharp trial that her previous testimony, that convicted the boodlers, was false; that Katie Metz will be on hand at the Sharp trial to tell the same story that brought the Aldermen of '84 to grief; that new evidence has been discovered that will strengthen the case against Sharp; that, without the evidence that the Court of Appeals ruled out, Sharp cannot be convicted. These facts, it will be readily understood, are highly important, if true.



AFTER by far would Jay Gould have been had he stuck to his own weapons in his warfare with the *Herald*, instead of taking up edged tools that he knows nothing about. Gould is evidently the kind of a man who, being armed with a Winchester, and meeting a Zulu, would drop his rifle to fight with the assegai, and then use it as a club instead of attempting to stick his

antagonist with it. And what an egregious ass this expert financier shows himself to be in his coarse, vulgar, and ridiculous attack upon the proprietor of the *Herald*! How, forsooth, do the Bacchanalian pleasures of the gay Bennett bear upon the alleged crimes of the Wall Street wrecker? As well might Jacob Sharp plead the immoralities of the Shah of Persia in extenuation of his own depravity.

ALL that Gould has proved by his letter is that the *Herald* has pierced through his pachydermatous exterior and touched the quick, and that, in his rage, he is unable to write the English language correctly. If so pretentious a pot as Gould is going to call the kettle black, he is expected to be grammatical, at least.

MR. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, the editor of the *Mail and Express*, was just in time the other day to prevent the line "*mors omnibus communis*" getting into the paper over the obituary column. "'More omnibuses for the community,' indeed!" said Mr. Shepard, sharply, as he discharged the offending sub-editor. "It's a fortunate thing that I had a classical education. Otherwise I should have lost every Christian aristocrat on the subscription list."

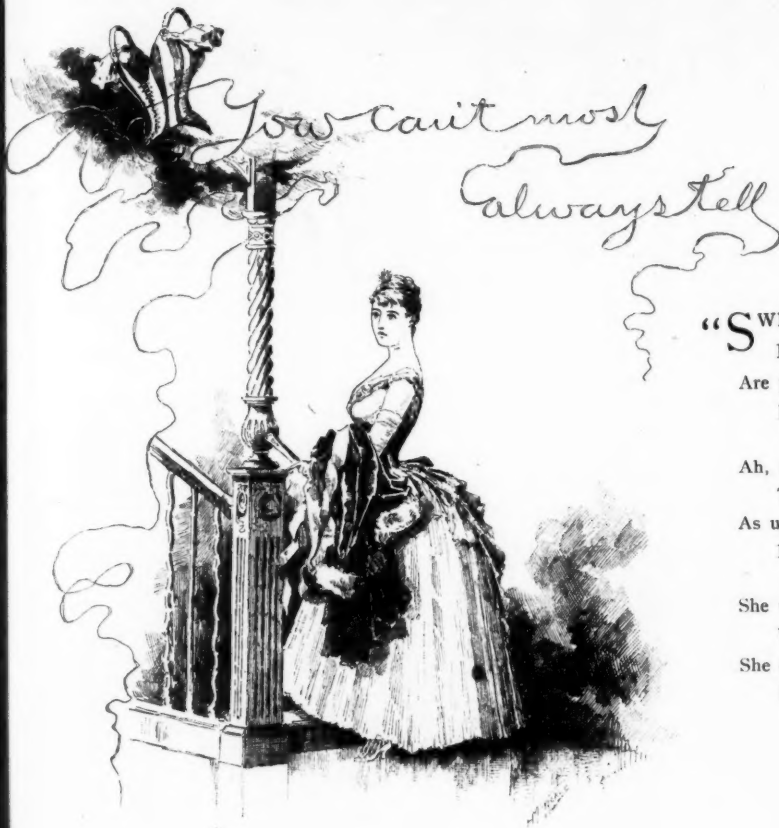
IT is understood that when Colonel Shepard purchased the *Mail and Express*, men who knew him intimately went out and drank things with one another, and rubbed their hands in sinful glee, exclaiming, "Now there'll be some fun!" The fun, so far as heard from, has materialized in the form of those bits of Bible.

FOR the sake of the esteemed *Mail and Express* let us consider for whose consumption Mr. Shepard inserts those texts of Scripture. Are they for the superlatively good or the aggressively wicked, or the indifferent mediums? The instructed pious know them already, and know where to look for more of the same; the toughs will probably show irritation at buying a newspaper and finding that they have got a tract; how the indifferent middlers will be affected is for Colonel Shepard to find out, for it is in that class that he will naturally look for his customers.

IF he should ascertain that he is not suiting the taste of any appreciable part of the community, we warn him not to infer from that that people are not interested in the Bible. The warmest admirers of pie may not care to consume it at breakfast. Many a good joint has been spoiled in the cooking, and many an excellent meal neutralized by unskilful serving. Of intellectual as well as corporeal repasts it has sometimes to be observed: "God sent the food, but where did the cook come from?"

MR. PETER HERDIC, the inventor of the cabs, is dead. Irate riders in the vehicles which bear his name will see the impropriety of further personal maledictions. *De mortuis—verb. sap.*

WE have all admired the noble heroism of the late Artemus Ward, who offered to sacrifice all his wife's relatives upon the altar of his country; and there is something of a similar nature in Mr. Bergh's generous bequest of his wife's property to the society with the long name.



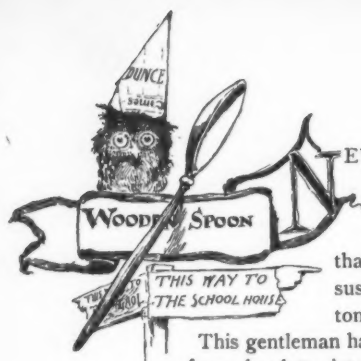
"SWEET maid, what anxious thoughts to-night
Keep you lingering here on the stair?
Are you thinking of eyes that with love's deep light
Pleaded with yours a share?"

Ah, no! A far more important thing
Troubled the throbbing brain
As up the winding stair she swept,
Daintily holding her train.

She was wondering if, at the coming ball,
With a little artistic taste,
She could make that look like another dress,
By wearing a different waist.



Seaside Hotel Proprietor (to Sea Serpent in search of an engagement): NO, I DON'T THINK I SHALL HAVE ANY USE FOR YOU THIS SEASON; I'VE GOT THE PROMISE OF A SOCIETY ACTRESS, TWO BOGUS LORDS, A POLITICAL CONVENTION, AND A SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE, AND MY BILL OF ATTRACTIONS IS ABOUT FULL.



• LIFE •

A BAD CASE.

EVER was a great country shrouded in deeper gloom than when Mr. Ward McAllister of this city made public in a recent interview his opinion of society. He distinguished himself in a manner that must have surprised his friends, and we have a suspicion that the unexpected results may have astonished even Mr. Ward McAllister.

This gentleman has attained a dazzling eminence in the social affairs of our local "aristocracy," and, although a successful career in this field may not demand an abnormal mental development, Mr. McAllister's utterances deserve the earnest attention of every thoughtful American.

His statement that when you step beyond the four hundred individuals who compose New York "Society," you "strike people who are not at ease in a ball-room, or else make other people ill at ease," is calculated to send a chill through the community. When we consider, however, the antecedents of New York's fashionable society and its present manners we are inclined to think that Mr. Ward McAllister has paid an unintentional compliment to the real society of the city—the society of culture, wit, and good breeding. It is hard to believe in the existence of such a Rip Van Winkle of snobbery as the *Tribune's* interviewer would make this gentleman appear.



MR. JAMES'S ESTIMATE OF MR. STEVENSON.

IT is always a pleasure to read a literary essay by Henry James; his choice of words is so exact and discriminating, his appreciation of a fine feat in verbal fencing is so keen, and his praise is measured with such honest judgment. You feel that he will report with rare accuracy all that he sees in a writer's work, and you have also an assured faith that he sees more than other men. His breadth of view makes him appreciative, but it also, through the multitude of details which it embraces, tends to dwarf the importance of certain cardinal points.

Because Mr. James is a cosmopolitan he failed to satisfy the admirers of Hawthorne in that very acute essay in which he many times raised his eyebrows and curved his nostrils at the evident provincialism of the Great Romancer.

* * *

THE admirers of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson will have some measure of this disappointment in reading the essay which Mr. James has published in the *April Century*. They will approve of most of his generalizations with enthusiasm; they will agree that these have been set forth with a delicacy and grace of style that cannot easily be equalled, and they will praise the generous sympathy which Mr. James has shown with his subject.

But when they have finished the essay these admirers will say: "Is this all? We thought he was building a monument, and it is only a pedestal." Or, in other words, they believe that the most significant quality in the work of Mr. Stevenson is something higher than any set down by Mr. James.

* * *

THE critic's deductions and most pleasing generalizations are strung on the following thread: "Before all things he (Stevenson) is a writer with a style." But "much as he cares for his phrase, he cares more for life and for a certain transcendently lovable part of it." That part is "youth, and the direct expression of the love of youth is the beginning and the end of his message.

A TALE OF SPRING AND BUSTLE.



THE PROMENADE.



THE FALL.

TO A DIMPLED UNKNOWN.

GREAT Agassiz once made a fish
From one small scale in manner simple;
Like him, I feel that I could quite
Construct a woman from a dimple.

F. P.

UNFAVORABLE SYMPTOMS.

PHYSICIAN (to Mrs. Colonel Blood, of Kentucky): How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?

MRS. BLOOD: He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times.

PHYSICIAN (with a grave look): H'm—still flighty.

A "FEE SIMPLE."—Lawyer Marsh's deed of gift of his Madison Avenue house to Mrs. Medium Diss Debar.



THE REBOUND.

THE WRONG YEAR.

THEY sat beside the bright log-fire,
And watched the flaming embers dart;
While Love, the rogue, another pyre
Did kindle in his heart.

And as the parting moments drew,
It seemed so like a leave of life,
He mustered courage and did sue
That she would be his wife.

But, with a little thoughtful pause,
Mid blushes of the deepest pink,
She answered, "Not *this* year—because—
You know what folks would think!"

H. E. W.

His appreciation of this delightful period amounts to a passion." "He has given to the world the romance of boyhood," and "this amounts to saying that what he is most curious of in life is heroism."

So far as we can discover, this is the final analysis which Mr. James makes of the genius which has produced "Prince Otto" and "Æs Triplex," "Underwoods" and "Dr. Jekyll." It is not possible to include this wide reach of subject in such a statement as "the direct expression of the love of youth is the *beginning* and the *end* of his message."

* * *

TO be a "Scot of the Scots" and pass one's boyhood "in the shadow of Edinburgh Castle" means a great deal more than this. True, it may breed a passion for physical heroism—"personal gallantry, if need be, with a manner, or a banner," as Mr. James jauntily calls it. But the kind of heroism which is bred under the shadow of Castle rock has a higher quality in it than this. It produced Knox and Bruce, and it led Gordon across the desert to Khartoum. The "manner and the banner" are the least important parts of it—for it is Moral Heroism which is the supreme Scotch virtue. And moral heroism (not the reckless daring and physical exuberance of youth) is the one quality which inspires all of Stevenson's serious work, and is his dominating passion. It is the brave attitude toward life, not the reckless one, that he has preached from "Will o' the Mill" to "Pulvis et Umbra," and which he has thus expressed in "Underwoods:"

"The ship lies resting, where by reef and roost
Thou and thy lights have led her like a child.
This hast thou done, and I—can I be base?
I must arise, O father, and to port
Some lost, complaining seaman pilot home."

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

LOYALTY GEORGE. By Louisa Parr. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Causes of the French Revolution. By Richard Heath Dabney, M.A., Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

New York Mirror Annual. New York: Mirror Publishing Co.



AN UNFORTUNATE VERDICT.

"SINTINCED FOR LOIFE, D'YER SAY? ARRAH, THIN, IF THE JUDGE HAD HIS EYES ABOUT HIM HE MIGHT HA' SEEN THAT DINNIS WAS THAT DILICATE THAT HE'D NIVER LIVE TO SARVE OUT A LOIFE SINTINCE, EVEN IF IT WAS ON'Y FOR THREE YEARS!"



A SUNDAY

CHORUS OF SAINTLY APPARITIONS: OUT, SCOFFING CH



SUNDAY. SUNDAY.

, SCOFFED CHURCH IN YOUR PRIVATE CARRIAGES—OR WALKED



CAPTAIN COSTIGAN REDIVIVUS.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mme. Diss Debar, *LIFE* has been able to secure an interview with the lamented Captain Jack Costigan, father of Miss Fotheringay, well remembered as a lady of histrionic ability—which relationship entitles the Captain's utterances on dramatic subjects to considerable weight. The identity of the spirit was duly established by the aroma of whiskey and water which preceded the Captain's materialization. When asked if there were theatres in the spirit world, Captain Costigan replied:

"I regret to say, sor, we've not. Thayaters have never been inthrojuiced into the spirit land, but those of us who will are permitted to lave the sacred precincts and indulge in those purshoots which have been our pleasure in this wurruled."

"And what is your opinion of the theatres of New York?"

OF the highest, sor. Your public has that generous heart and refined understanding which is the artist's surest reliance, and it is at the same time me highest pride and me greatest pleasure to testify to that fact. When me daughter was rejuiced by the cruel necessities of fortune to place her magnificent talents at the disposal of the public, I could have wished that her perfawrumances might have been before awjiences so appreciative of greatness and so generous of pocket.

A spirit friend of mine

and meselluf witnessed a perfawrumance the other evening which was in all respects most deloightful. It was at the Lyceum Thayater. 'The Wife' was the name of the play, and while the dialogue is bright and clever, it contains some jokes which date back to the days when the Costigans were kings in me native country. It is a shuparior play though, and well shooted to deloight a cultivated intellect."

"And are you pleased with our actors, Captain?"

"Laving aside any comparison with me daughther's incomparable talents, and spaking with that modesty which has

always been one of Jack Costigan's principal adawranments, I will say, sor, that it has rarely been my good fortune to see a play better cast. Throughout it shows good training and good stage management. Those gallant young actors, Mr. Kelcey and Mr. Wheatcroft, porthray the charachters they ripresint with great fidelity and care. Mr. Le Moyne is a foine actor, and in this piece preserves his usual excellence. God forbid that a Costigan of Costiganstown should be ungallant, but I cannot say that the ladies of the cast, in the opinion of your 'umble servant, do their parts as well as the men. Ye might go further and find a worse actress than Miss Dillon—but perhaps I should not spake of actresses with me own child's acting always in me moind. Ye will forgive me, sor, if I do not linger with you longer. Me joyous and disinterested spirit-friends are awaiting me arrival at a consultation to determine under just what conditions spirits may take title to real estate located in the State of New York. I shall maintain, with me usual polite affabilitee, that spirits are not aliens, and that we may take and hold through our agents—like Mme. Diss Debar—any property that our kind, generous and wealthy friends on earth may wish to deed to us. Good evening, sor."

Melcalfe.

A SCIENTIST says a wasp may be picked up if it is done quietly. Yes; it is when the wasp is laid down again that the noise begins.



A CLUB WITTICISM.

"I SAY, OLD CHAP, WHAT EXTRAVAGANT BEGGARS THOSE ORANGE CLUB BOYS ARE. I WAS OUT THERE THE OTHER DAY, AND THEY WERE USING ORANGE-ICE ON THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE."

"IMPOSSIBLE! WHAT DID THEY DO THAT FOR?"

"BECAUSE THEY FOUND IT LESS EXPENSIVE THAN BRINGING ICE FROM NEWARK."

REMARKS.

THE boiling point of "allylenedichlordibromide" is 190, while that of "methychloridibrompropylcarbiny chloride" is something between 140 and 145. So, if you are in a hurry to get to your office or catch a train, you should instruct the cook to use methychloridibrompropylcarbiny chloride.

MARION HARLAND says that it is hard for a beautiful woman to be good. Somebody must have told her.

SHORT POEMS.



"LINES ON A FRIEND."



"ON A SLEEPING INFANT."



"ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR RELATIVE."



OUR FASHIONS IN HOUSES.

She (fresh from France): WHAT PRETTY JAILS YOU HAVE IN AMERICA!
He: JAIL? WHY THAT IS CONSIDERED THE PRETTIEST VILLA IN THE COUNTY.

A KENTUCKY BAPTISM.

COLONEL FITZSMITHERS, the editor of the *Kentucky Greased Lightning*, and a member of one of our most prominent families, was baptized and received into the Second Baptist Church, last Sunday, under most auspicious circumstances. The colonel and the Reverend Mr. Horntooter had just descended into the water preparatory to immersion, and the minister was repeating those solemn words which begin, "Brother, dost thou promise to renounce the World, the Flesh, and the Devil?" when the colonel, raising his eyes in rapt devotion, happened to espy on the bank above the familiar form of Major Blatherskite, editor of the *Derringer*.

Now, these two gentlemen had had a political discussion, during which the major had published in the columns of the *Derringer* some rather caustic truths in regard to the colonel. This affair had never been satisfactorily arranged, so that when the colonel observed the major, he leaned over until he could catch the ear of the minister without being noticed, and whispered:

"Go right along with the sarvice, parson. Don't let any of them critters suspect I'm a-talkin' to you, but I'd be obliged if you could give me the loan of your shootin'-iron for a moment, as I left mine on the bank."

The minister, taking in the situation at a glance, managed to slip his six-shooter into the colonel's hand without being seen by the crowd, and then, by a quick movement, he gained the bank, and the firing began.

After three or four shots had been exchanged, with no other result than killing a negro, who was standing on the opposite bank, the colonel happened to get the drop on the major while he was trying to escape, and thus ended the dispute.

After this little incident, the minister once more descended into the water, and the ceremony was concluded. Before the assemblage dispersed, however, the major and the negro were buried, and the colonel in a few touching words extolled the virtues of baptism, saying that its effects were to abolish all feelings of violence, and to teach that beautiful precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself!"

G. E. Throop.

ALMOST READY.

HE HUSBAND: Aren't you almost ready for church, my dear?

THE WIFE: I've only to put on my gloves, John—and run up-stairs for my prayer-book and last night's *Mail and Express*.

SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT.

OUR grandchildren will suffer more from the recent blizzard than we did.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

CRITIC: Really, I can't see for the life of me why you write such bitter, gloomy, pessimistic stories.

SCRIBLERUS: Why, my dear fellow, to get the means of enjoying life, of course!

MUTUAL BENEFITS.

NEWLY-ARRIVED IRISHMAN: But fwhat good do I git out av it if I join the Milaysian Mutual Binifit and Protective Association?

ACCLIMATED MILESIAN: We bury a mumber ivery Soonday, an' it's a beautiful drive to the cimetary.

PATIENCE EXHAUSTED.

COLLECTOR: This is the last time I shall call for the amount of this bill.

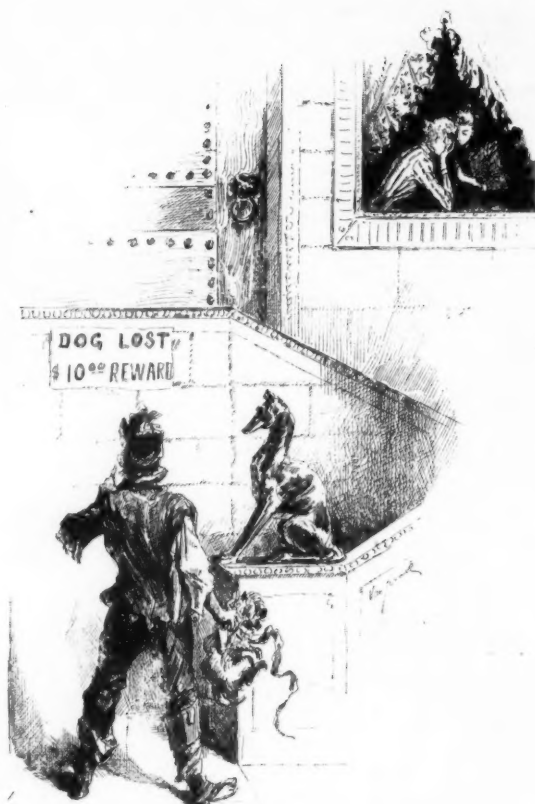
DELINQUENT: Yes?

COLLECTOR: Yes. The next time I shall stand out on the street and yell for it.



"IT'S A POOR RULE," ETC.

"Hi, RODY! COME QUICK AND SEE THE FUN: HERE'S A FELLER THAT'S BEEN TAKING SOME 'ROUGH ON RATS!'"



WHAT THE DOG THOUGHT.

"'TIS BETTER TO BE LOVED AND LOST
THAN NEVER TO BE LOVED AT ALL."

THERE is a big difference between a tried and trusted man, and a trusted and tried man.

ORDERING A MEAL.

YOUNG MAN (*in a loud tone of voice*): Aw—waiter, have you quail on toast?

WAITER: Yes, sir.

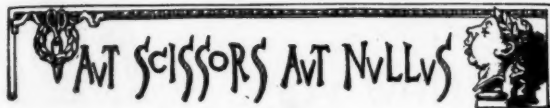
YOUNG MAN (*in a low tone of voice*): Bring me some of the toast.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

"NOW, Bobby," said his sister, sharply, as the boy opened the parlor door, "you get to bed at once!" Then she went on:

"No, Mr. Sampson," she said, gently, "I can only be a sister to——"

"In that case, Miss Smith," interrupted young Sampson, chokingly, "I may as well get to bed at once;" and winding his Newmarket around his form, he strode mournfully homeward.



MATHEMATICAL.

(A fact.)

VISITOR: Well, my little man, have you any brothers?

FREDDY: Yes, I have one, but my sister Stella has two.

VISITOR: Why, how can that be?

FREDDY (in some astonishment): Me and my little brother, of course!—Grip.

ARTIST: What is the finest picture of still life you have ever seen?
CHICAGO GIRL: St. Louis.—*Duluth Paraphraser.*

DUDELY VANDERCLAM: Mith Bondclipper, I weally believe it ith the mission of woman to make fools of uth men.

MISS BONDCLIPPER: Yes, and you have no idea, Mr. Vanderclam, how vexed we are to find that nature has so often forestalled us.—*New York Mocking-Bird.*

"Did you ever go tobogganing, Mr. Winterwheat?"

"No," said the old man, "but I once stepped into the elevator well and fell down four stories in three-tenths of a second. That is fast enough for me; I'm getting too old for much excitement."—*Burdette.*

An esteemed contemporary suggests that it would be a grandly effective piece of magnanimity if Germany were to hand back Alsace and Lorraine to France. So it would. We strongly commend our brother to put a blue-pencil mark around the idea, and forward a copy of the paper to Mr. Bismarck.—*Toronto Grip.*

FIRST LADY: Has your husband quit smoking yet?

SECOND LADY (just returned from the far West): Well, he ought to by this time; he's been dead six months.—*Washington Critic.*

RECENT CONVERT: If a man does me an injury I suppose I ought to reward him, oughtn't I?

GOOD PASTOR: It would show the right spirit.

"Making him a little present would do, wouldn't it?"

"That would certainly heap coals of fire on his head."

"Suppose instead of a man it's an animal?"

"It should make no difference."

"Well, your dog has been snapping at me every time I pass, and this morning I made him a present of something we've valued for many years. It's a tin kettle. You'll find him somewhere in the next county."—*Omaha World.*

RACE HORSE: What a humdrum life you carriage horses lead! Why I am greeted by cheers whenever I appear, and my pedigree has been printed in all the papers.

CARRIAGE HORSE: Pooh! Any fool of a horse with long enough legs can run fast. My glory is in my speed but in my brains.

"Brains, eh?"

"Yes, I've been driven by a woman for five years, and haven't let her run me into anything yet."—*Omaha World.*

"I ALWAYS liked the Episcopal religion best," said Bill, as he eyed a pretty girl with her morocco-bound prayer-book in the horse-car. "If you are an Episcopalian, you get credit for going to church not only while you are there, but all the way going and all the way home."—*Somerville Journal.*

ALGERNON: Why, Charley, you seem to have a good appetite this morning. Been taking any exercise?

CHARLEY: Yaz, deah bhoy, twied on four new coats this mawnin'!—*Judge.*



ONE
CAKE
OF

Packer's Tar Soap

Will Cure Dandruff. FACT!



CELEBRATED HATS

AND

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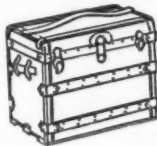
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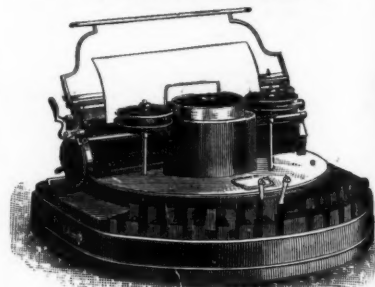
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The young man fell dead!

A friend had pointed a revolver at him.

"He didn't know it was loaded!"

We often hear it stated that a man is not re-
sponsible for what he does not know. The law
presupposes knowledge and therefore convicts the
man who excuses crime by ignorance!

"If I had only known" has often been an
unfortunate man's apology for some evil unkon-
ingly wrought, but in a matter of general interest
—as for instance that laudanum is a poison, that
naphtha is a deadly explosive, that blood heavily
charged with a winter's accumulations of the waste
of the system,—it is one's duty to know the fact
and the consequences thereof. Our good old
grandmothers knew for instance, that the opening
of spring was the most perilous period of the year.
Why?

Because then the blood stream is sluggish and
chilled by the cold weather, and if not thinned a
good deal and made to flow quickly and health-
fully through the arteries and veins, it is impos-
sible to have good vigor the rest of the year.
Hence, without exception, what is now known as
Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, was plentifully
made and religiously given to every member of
the family regularly through March, April, May
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many a fit of sickness, prolonged life and happi-
ness to a vigorous old age, and did away with
heavy medical expenditures.

Mrs. Maggie Kerchwal, Lexington, Ky., used
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Hugh Harkins, 1114 S. 15th St., Philadelphia,
Pa., says "it purified my blood and removed the
blotches from my skin." Mrs. Aarea Smith,
Topton, Berks Co., Pa., says she "was entirely
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Cabin Sarsaparilla. Bad skin indicates a very bad
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parilla and take no other,—there's nothing like it
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